Upon the Departure of His

GRACE,

James, Duke of Monmouth.

To all *Proteſtant* well-wiſhers.

AH! Can he go and no one ſhed a Tear
For him, who never thought his Life too dear
To hazard, to protect us from our Foes;
As his late Victories in *Scotland* ſhowes.
Holland and *France*, will Trumpet forth his Fame,
Until they each of them ſhall want a Name.
And ſhall we be leſs Grateful to that Prince,
Whoſe daily Actions does the World convince?
Are only ſquared for the common good,
For which he'le venture Fortune, Life and Blood.
Let Proteſtants a ſorrow now contrive,
To ſhew his abſence they can ſcarce Survive.
Let *England* lament untill it be,
Turned into a weeping *Niobe*;
And with their fervent Sighs keep full his Sails,
With Loyal, ſafe, and the moſt proſp'rous Gayls.
And let their Tears into the Sea reſort,
To waft him ſafely to his Royal Port.
And may their daily prayr's to Heaven be,
That he may ſcape all Dangers of the Sea.
May his moſt Royal Father live to ſee,
Him or'e his Foes obtain ſole Victory.
And be a pattern to his Royal Son,
In what he hath ſo worthily begun.
And may he in due time with all renoun,
Enjoy the Favours *Fortune* tumbles down.
May this, and all the happineſs that can,
Be bounded in the boundleſs heart of Man,
Attend the Noble *Monmouth*. May he be,
Still our Defence, and Scourge to Popery.
May thy Great Soul Great Prince like active Fire,
The more depreſt, more vig'rous and riſe higher.
Which like a Ball thrown hard againſt the Ground,
Riſes much more, upon a fair rebound.
May ſtill the Charms of thy Eternal Fame,
Convince thy Foes of an immortal ſhame.
May thy high Actions of thy Great Renoun,
Shake and deſtroy the *Roman* Triple Crown.
May Heav'n and Earth both thy poſſeſſions be,
And may thy Bliſs laſt to Eternity.
Great Prince and Patron, now we muſt ſubmit,
Our preſent Lives, to what the Fates think fit.
Yet this we boldly dare affirm as true,
None but your Royal Father, Sir and you,
Can keep our half dead gaſping ſouls alive,
He whil'ſt he lives, and you whil'ſt you ſurvive.
May our Great God protect his happy Reign,
To ſee you once return with Joy again;
To be Aſſiſtant to the Royal Will,
Of our Dear Sov'raign, Faith's Defender ſtill.
Which Princely *Monmouth* we with Tears implore,
Daily and Hourly, at Heav'ns Chriſtal Dore.
Our Pray'rs ſhall never ceaſe, until God grants,
This Chriſtian-wiſh of all true *Proteſtants*.

FINIS.